

The Historie of

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore :
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale :
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee.
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, stode in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
That lay to heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Quer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for ?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Henry the fourth.

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in warre
There without rancome to lie forfeit
Disgrac'd me in my happy victorie
Sought to intrap me by intelligence
Rated my Vncle from the Counsell
In rage dismisde my Father from the throne
Broke othe on oth, committed wrong
And in conclusion, dreue vs to seek
This head of safetie, and withall to part
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirec't for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I rerurne this answer?

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele w
Goe to the King, and let there be im
Some suretie for a safe returne again
And in the morning early shall my
Bring him our purpose; and so farewe

Blunt. I would you would accep

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Scen 4. Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, bear

With winged haste to the Lord *Ma*

This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all th

To whom they are directed. If you l

How much they doe import, you w

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gesse th

Arch. Like enough you doe,

Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a da

Wherein, the fortune of ten thousan

Must bide the touch : For *Sir*, at *Shre*

As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,

The King with mighty and quicker

Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I fear

What with the sicknesse of *Northumb*

Whose power was in the first propo

And what *Owen Glendowers* absence th

Who with them was rated firmly to

I.

Indee